

# MARYKNOLL

THE FIELD AFAR



Jan-Feb 1944





*The baseball team of Dunwoodie, the New York Archdiocesan Seminary, leaves Sunset Hill for Yonkers after the annual game with Maryknollers*

## **Dunwoodie and Maryknoll**

**T**HE GAME with Dunwoodie is now a tradition, affording one of the red-letter days in the Maryknoll calendar.

Many ties of gratitude and affection bind our Society to Dunwoodie. In 1912, when there were only six students in the wooden farmhouse which served as Pro-Seminary on Sunset Hill, Dunwoodie opened its doors to the two who were theologians and admitted them to the classes then lacking at Maryknoll.

The New York Archdiocesan Seminary has completed one burse for the education of a Maryknoll student, and is building up another.

Greatest of all the Society's debts to Dunwoodie are the vocations it has given to the foreign missions. Father James M. Drought, our late Vicar General, came from Dunwoodie in 1920. Father James F. Smith and Father John H. Joyce are now overseas in China. There are two former Dunwoodians in our major Seminary: one in the spiritual year at Bedford, and another in philosophy.

# MARYKNOLL

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*The Maryknoll Society, laboring among the needy in the far lands of the earth, is part of the Church's world-wide effort under Christ to serve all men in body and soul*



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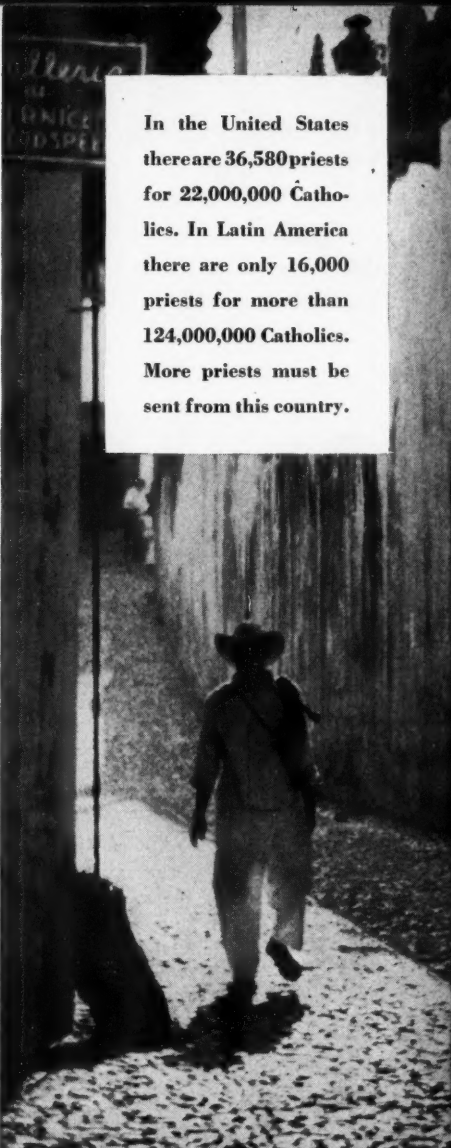
**Bananas and baptisms.** Starvation is not a problem in the jungle.

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In the United States there are 36,580 priests for 22,000,000 Catholics. In Latin America there are only 16,000 priests for more than 124,000,000 Catholics. More priests must be sent from this country.





*The American Jesuits pictured above are some of the 11,000 priests, Brothers, and Sisters still laboring in the Orient*

## ***At their posts***

by JOHN J. CONSIDINE

OVER ninety per cent of the Church's 12,000 priests, Brothers, and Sisters in the Far East at the time of Pearl Harbor are still in their fields.

Contrary to the general impression, the Catholic Church is still in full operation in China. Missioners and people suffer frightful privations, but there is no question of a general breakdown.

With the repatriation of another group of American missioners from Far East prison camps, it is well to recall that they represent only a small percentage of the Catholic mission forces in Eastern Asia, the great majority of whom are still at their posts. Only some hundreds out of

more than 12,000 priests, Brothers, and Sisters in the Far East at the time of Pearl Harbor, or less than ten per cent, have been sent home by the Japanese or have been flown over the Himalayas into India.

### ***Beg to remain***

The only notable groups that have come home are from the Japanese Empire, whence all qualifying as enemy aliens have been extradited. In Manchukuo, over a year ago, Bishop Lane fought vigorously against this extradition and secured the concession that only fifty per cent of his missioners would be sent away. Now the Bishop, a native of Lawrence, Massachusetts, has suc-



ceeded in getting permission for himself and Father Edward McGurkin, of Hartford, Connecticut, and Father Armand Jacques, of Windsor, Ontario, to remain and watch over his orphaned flock. Father Patrick Byrne, of Washington, D. C., has likewise succeeded in remaining in Japan; and Father Patrick Duffy, of Brooklyn, New York, is in Korea. A few Maryknoll Sisters with non-American passports have been allowed to remain.

Of the 470 Maryknollers in the Far East and the Pacific at the time of Pearl Harbor, 350 are still in their fields. The largest contingent is in South China.

Chinese missionaries constitute almost fifty per cent of the Church's staff in China and have a shining record for fidelity and courage.

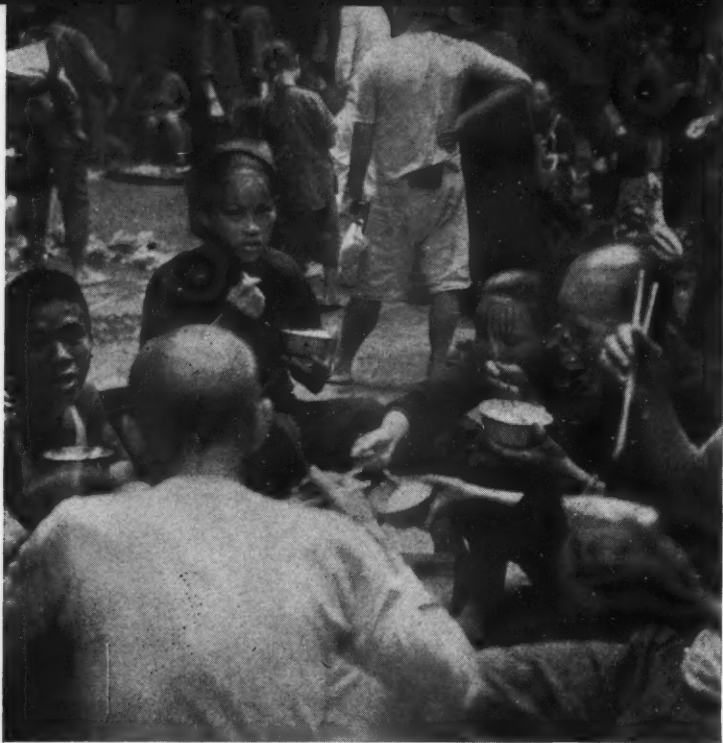
### **Volunteers All**

Missioners of every nationality, those of Allied countries included, are determined to remain at their posts. Typical of this spirit is the message which Father George Marin, S.J., of Lowell, Massachusetts, head of the 800 Jesuits of all nationalities in China, sent to the Papal Delegate in China. All of his men, he explained, "had volunteered individually and in groups to remain at their assignments, no matter how dangerous or temporarily 'impractical' such a decision might seem."

Evidence that Catholic missioners in China are writing a very glorious page of achievement is found in a recent statement of Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

*Rice lines before Maryknoll missions some months have totaled 10,000 people*





*Missioners can give only enough rice to keep the people from starving; under-nourishment is general*

"To the 400,000,000 Catholics scattered throughout the world," declared Madame Chiang, "it must be a vital concern how your missionaries in China are meeting this challenge under the rough frown of war.

"No account of China's resistance is complete unless it records the worthy part your missionaries have played in Free China, or in Japanese-occupied areas. Large numbers of Catholic missionaries, at the risk of their own lives, have protected refugees and preserved the honor of terrified and helpless women who ran

into Catholic compounds when the Japanese military approached.

"Other Catholic missionaries devoted themselves to the rescue and care of innocent and bewildered children caught in the whirlwind of war. Others, with undaunted courage, continued educational work among the stricken and destitute. In all that they are doing, they have shown the quality of mercy which blesses him that gives and him that receives. In deed and spirit, their all-embracing charity is like manna dropped in the way of a starved people."

## Father Wu takes over

by JAMES F. SMITH

**W**HENEVER young Father Cletus Wu bicycled down the main street, the Japanese sentries drew to attention and saluted him.

"A person of importance," they would mutter one to another.

Of course it was all a mistake. If the Japanese had known just who Father Wu was, he would have been greeted with shots instead of with salaams. Realizing this, the young priest had no desire to make a correction.

The whole affair had begun in the days before Pearl Harbor. The Japanese had refused to allow the Maryknollers to wander far from their mis-

sion, although Chinese civilians were permitted to move freely around the newly captured city—provided they submitted to frequent searches for concealed weapons and cash. Father Wu had had no desire to go through these unpleasant formalities. He had adopted a semi-military form of dress, borrowed the mission bicycle—a luxury enjoyed only by the Japanese—and ignored the sentries. His bluff had worked. To the unimaginative Japanese, anyone so brazen as to ignore them must be a puppet of the first rank. They allowed him to ride by unchallenged.

Even as a seminarian, Cletus Wu

*Chinese seminarians, the makings of tomorrow's clergy, number 4,751*



was marked as an up-and-coming young man. Probably no other seminarian in China ever thought up the number of money-making schemes that struck Cletus' brain. After several business ventures he was almost expelled, but in each instance the lad's good qualities far outweighed his prank. His seminary years saw him embark at different moments on careers of chicken raising, dog breeding, tree planting, bicycle repairing, and a host of intermediate professions. Despite his experiments in the world of business, the boy distinguished himself in his studies and won a reputation for his excellent Chinese compositions.

### ***Afraid of guerrillas***

Father Wu was ordained under the most unorthodox conditions. The Japanese had occupied his cathedral city and were making life miserable for the inhabitants. All gatherings had been forbidden by the guerrilla-conscious Japanese, but permission was given for the ordination service.

The cathedral was crowded with people who came to see a native son raised to the priesthood, when suddenly some Japanese soldiers appeared. Their entrance was the signal for the departure of all the women and quite a few of the men. Thus with only a handful of Christian men and a few curious Japanese soldiers as witnesses, Father Wu became a priest.

After Father Wu's ordination his Bishop assigned him to the cathedral parish. The number of services he performed for the mission were legion. He became a well-known figure in Money Changers' Lane when he undertook the job of translating into cash the Maryknollers' checks from home. His passage down the street of the money lenders was a triumphant march between shops bidding against each other for his trade. At a time when the soldiers were taking every ten-cent piece from the coolies, he rode boldly past them with a month's mission funds stuffed in his pockets.

The Americans were always frightened lest he be apprehended. The

*Father Wu played many pranks in the refectory of his South China seminary*



worst scare he gave the missionaries was during the cholera epidemic, when he calmly cracked the Japanese line of blockade to bring in supplies.

The Japanese had commanded that the mission discontinue its daily distribution of rice to the poor, fearing that crowds would help spread the disease. They were right in a way, but the Bishop felt that if distribution were stopped the majority of the people would starve and the remainder be so weakened that they would fall prey to the disease. Puppet soldiers were sent to break up the rice lines, but they didn't have the heart for the job. The Bishop was told that he would be shot if he continued. He called the Japanese bluff and won. Finally, in desperation, the Japanese sent their own soldiers to arrest and beat the people found going to the mission.

### **Better to be killed**

But for once the Japanese ran up against something stronger than themselves. The Chinese told them, "It is better to be killed than to starve to death." Defeated by this irresistible logic, the Japanese withdrew and announced they would allow no further supplies into the mission. To make matters worse, the mission's supply of rice ran out.

Father Wu came to the rescue. His solution was direct. Since the Japanese would not allow the priests to go to Canton and bring back the American Red Cross rice waiting there for them, he proposed to go to all the shops in the city, buy all the rice he could, and bring it back without even asking for a pass. The plan was so unexpected that it worked. He filled several large trucks and brought the



*Father James Smith, once of Hartford, radioed this article, through the courtesy of the Chinese Government*

rice home, passing a number of sentries on the way, at whom he merely waved a blank sheet of paper as he rode grandly by. Everyone on the compound turned out to unload the trucks before the Japanese discovered the trick.

When the priests and Sisters were interned after Pearl Harbor, Father Wu could easily have remained safely in the background. He chose otherwise. There was much to be done and he was the only one left to do it; the whole responsibility of the mission fell on his shoulders. The mission property was taken over by the Japanese. Soldiers were living in the houses, and horses were stabled in the church. There was little there that Father Wu could do.

There still remained the problem of disbanding the schools and getting the boys and girls back to their homes in Free China. The Japanese were in an ugly frame of mind at the time, and Father Wu had to eat humble pie in order to get passes for the children to cross the lines. After many humiliations the passes were finally issued, and he personally conducted the children to safety, although it meant several weeks of constant and dangerous travel.

### ***Gold nuggets in his mouth***

Back in his mission, the young priest came face to face with a problem of survival. No funds were coming from America and he had to shift for himself. A rabbit farm proved profitable. Later when funds from America did reach China, they could not come to Father Wu. He was on the wrong side of the lines. The problem of how to get this money through the triple threat of bandits, pup-

pets, and Japanese was given much thought by the young Chinese priest.

He solved it by crossing the lines, getting the money, and converting it into gold nuggets, which he carried in his mouth while sentries searched for the few Chinese dollars he had left in his pockets to fool them. Asked what he would have done if they had demanded to look into his mouth, he said, "I'd have swallowed and hoped for the best."

Much has been written on the bravery and suffering of the foreign priests and Sisters in China who have stuck to their jobs through six sad years of war. The Chinese clergy have shared the same sufferings, without the protection of neutrality; dozens of them have given their lives as proof of their devotion. Father Wu was willing to remain at his post of danger for the duration, but the Bishop thought that the young priest had done enough; accordingly he transferred him to the interior.



### ***That all may be one***

Here's one big intention for your prayers this month! Whether you know it or not, one of the great handicaps for the spread of Christ's teachings is the *endless division within Christianity*. Adolf Hitler had a comment on this: "For the future of the world it does not matter which of the two denominations triumphs over the other, Catholic or Protestant. . . . The two Christian denominations . . . are trying to destroy each other."

This is hardly true, but think of what would be possible if all followers of Christ were united! "That they all may be one" is Christ's prayer. Make it your prayer, too, during the Church Unity Octave from January 18 to January 25. The Holy Father earnestly pleads for your coöperation.



## MEN OF MARYKNOLL



**Windows**—The village “big shot” has visited the mission for eye treatment, and our simple remedies have been successful. The eyes are the windows of the soul, so it is said. At least we’ve cleaned the panes a bit, so that a little more light can get in. He is a likable old fellow.

Incidentally, the windows of South China houses do not have glass panes. If it were as easy to enter the windows of Chinese souls as it is to enter the paneless windows of Chinese homes, we missionaries should all be known as “second-story men.”

—Father Cyril V. Hirst,  
of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,  
now in Topong, China

**Our Tom Sawyer**—Readers will recall Senior Pepito, and his adventures with a crocodile.

Recently this twelve-year-old scallawag accompanied me on a mission trip through the jungle. He kept up an incessant cry of “Snake!” for the express purpose of seeing the Padre jump. I reminded him of what happened to the boy who cried, “Wolf!” all the time.

When we halted for lunch, Senior Pepito was strangely silent. I saw his sparkling, black eyes gazing at a spot just behind me. I looked, and then jumped. A green jungle snake was coiled up a few yards away, ready to strike!

—Father Hilary G. Jakowski,  
of Menasha, Wisconsin,  
now in Riberalta, Bolivia

**He knew it all**—An old, bedridden Chinese was next on the examination list. “You don’t need to examine me,” he told the catechist. “I know all the prayers. Not a person in the village knows them better than I do.”

The catechist said, “Just recite the *Hail Mary*. We won’t ask you any more questions.”

“All right, all right! *Our Father, Who art—*”

“No, no. The *Hail Mary* is what we want.”

“Of course. *I believe in God—*”

“No, no, no! The prayer begins, *Hail Mary, full of grace—*”

“Oh, that one! Why didn’t you say you wanted that one?”

The old fellow rattled it off in a shaky voice, and was amazed that we should ever have doubted his knowledge.

—Father William P. Mulcahy,  
of Framingham, Massachusetts,  
now in Jungyun, China

**A child guide**—In Livingston a two-year-old Negro child, clasping tightly in pudgy arms a snow-white puppy, followed us into the church. She took us all around, pointing out each statue with a tiny black finger, and trying her best to make us understand how beautiful the saints are. In front of the Blessed Mother’s image, the little one’s words fairly tumbled out. Being led by that colored baby is my deepest impression of Livingston.

—Father Clarence J. Witte,  
of Richmond, Indiana,  
now in Central America



*Since Maryknoll's beginning, the Brothers have rendered invaluable aid*

## **Adaptability**

WHEN Brother Michael first set foot in Pakkai, he looked along the dock and saw four men carrying a piano. They were not large or robust, but they handled the heavy load as if it were an empty packing case. After they had carried the object for a short distance, they lowered it gently to the ground, drew their arms across perspiring foreheads, chatted amiably for awhile, and then lifted it up and went on their way.

Brother Michael said the obvious: "That thing must be heavy!"

He looked back at the large lifting machinery on the ships and on the docks and wondered why the people didn't use some of it in the town. Before many days he knew the answer. During his eighteen years in China he worked with coolies—thou-

sands of them—and found that those leather-muscle laborers were quite happy with a heavy load. The heavier the load, the heavier the price. That made sense, in a simple, direct sort of way.

### **The job grows**

As a Brother, Michael was guardian of the physical estate of the mission; but, being a missionary, he was more interested in the laborers who carried his huge packing cases than he was in the actual goods themselves. In his fluent Chinese, he paved the way for the entrance of many coolies into the Church.

It was while he was in residence there that Kongmoon bought a new suit of clothes and had his face lifted. Before 1926, it was an overgrown

by GEORGE M. DALY

Chinese village with low buildings and twisting, narrow streets, which were clogged with vendors and shouting coolies. Later, the stress of commerce made speed imperative, and the city was forced into a modern groove.

As the city grew, so did Brother Michael's job. Each missionary began to spread his wings, and little homes and chapels were erected as the faith of new converts demanded shelter for God's glory.

When the war broke out, most of the residents of Kongmoon took to the road for Free China. Brother Michael did not fare so well. A jumping toothache took him to Hong Kong, where he was caught in the post-Pearl Harbor trap and interned.

### **Brothers fix it!**

There were other Brothers in the Internment Camp in Hong Kong. Brother William, a Maryknoller from Korea, built a roomy, well-equipped kitchen right in the Camp itself. It added considerable dignity to the meager rations of the prisoners.

Brother Michael returned to America on the exchange ship, *Gripsholm*. He was assigned to the procurator's office at the Seminary, where all the supplies are handled. The same job in a different language!

And the other Home Knoll Brothers? Well, there are 732 windows in the Seminary building, which aggregate some 8,784 panes of glass! There are many pipe lines and many square yards of paint. Windows get broken, plumbing goes awry, and paint has a habit of peeling off. At home or abroad, "Brother Fixit" is Johnny-on-the-spot.

## Letters

"Father Schrubbe's death on the mission field made a profound impression on me. I am a Protestant, as I believe I have already told you, but I deeply admire such a fine Catholic spirit."

—R. V., Milwaukee, Wisconsin



"Please renew my subscription, and please don't change the size of the magazine. It is just right now to put in a purse or pocket—and two columns are so much easier to read on crowded cars and busses than three."

—J. R., Los Angeles, California



"Two years ago I was privileged to receive the joys of Baptism and First Holy Communion—those precious gifts which God has meant not only for me, but for all. I am very thankful to know that, through your missionaries, my little offerings can help to give others these great blessings."

—M. P., Baltimore, Maryland



"I don't quite understand it, Father, but since I've been in the service I seem to see things in a much different light, and to appreciate more and more all that my Catholic Faith means to me. As a consequence, I can now fully appreciate the importance of the splendid work done by our missionaries."

—Ensign M.R.D., U.S.N.

## The Duchesne Family

by ROBERT W. GARDNER

"STANLEY, shake hands with Father."

I shot out my hand like a politician looking for votes; but Stanley, a blond, blue-eyed broh of a three-year-old, dressed in bright red trousers and a little jersey with arrogant stripes, clasped his hands firmly behind him and said, "I don' wanna."

"But, Stanley," his grandmother persisted, "you *should* shake hands."

"I don' wanna."

### "Father has a way"

By this time my hand was beginning to waver, and I was at a loss to know what to do with it. Grandmother was getting an insistent look in her eye, but I thought I detected a chuckle from *Grandpère*. Stanley remained adamant and looked me over with unabashed appraisal.

"Shake hands with Father, Stanley, and I'll give you a nice cookie."

That didn't work, either. It was too soon after dinner. Little Stanley simply shook his head, a motion which started down at the ankles and included his whole body. Then Grandpa spoke, quietly and with his benign smile still very much in evidence.

"Stanley, my boy, shake hands with Father, or I'll give you—"

Immediately little Stanley's hand shot outward, and he gave my fist a vigorous pumping.

Grandmother smiled. "Father has a way with children, hasn't he?" she said, addressing nobody in particular.

"He certainly has," *Grandpère* replied. There was another chuckle.

I was visiting the home of Delphis

Mr. and Mrs. Duchesne, with Father Paul and Louis (left), the eldest son



Duchesne and his wife, for two reasons. One was that their son, Father Paul Duchesne, a Maryknoll missionary in China since 1939, is a very good friend of mine; and while I was in Cohoes, I wished to avail myself of the pleasure of meeting his parents. The second reason was that I had read in the paper that the remaining five of their six stalwart sons were in the Army. This, I thought to myself, is a family worth knowing. Little Stanley, incidentally, is the personal pride and property of one of the two married daughters.

It seems that everyone in Cohoes knows the Duchesnes. I went to the rectory to ask for their address, but found, subsequently, that there had been no need of bothering the pastor. Anyone on the street would have said: "Duchesnes? Sure. You see that flag flying over the yellow house on the hill? Well, right there."

#### **Six stalwart sons**

The five soldiers run from lieutenant to private, and at the present time are scattered far and wide. Louis is the oldest. Back in the years of his more fragile youth, he had started building up as firm a set of muscles as any man would care to flex. Probably a few little odd jobs like caring for the horses, milking cows, painting the barn, and helping his father in the trucking business had a little to do with it; but whatever the cause was, it built him up to the kind of man you would like to have on your side of the fight. Before the war claimed his services, Louis worked for a building contractor. He is methodical and precise in his actions—traits which make the houses he builds solid and good.



*Sergeant François Duchesne is in North Africa*

An airplane is of such beautiful structure that it naturally would, and did, attract Louis to the air service.

Arthur is a combat engineer and was for fifteen months in Trinidad. Before the war his waking hours were divided between the silk mills, where he worked, and pretty petite Mary Pierce, whom he wooed. When he returned from Trinidad, he made a beeline for Cohoes. After Ma Duchesne had tucked him full of groceries from the familiar kitchen stove, Arthur and Mary went down to see Father Brennan. Object: matrimony. They have been married some few weeks now, and the corporal is back in camp, while Mary is busy with the lares and penates of their postwar home.

"François is the next"—and the mother went into the adjoining room to take his picture from the wall. I was sitting in the spacious, paneled kitchen, manipulating a tasty bit of

cheese and a glass of special-company wine. Stanley was leaning against my knee with every sign of deepest affection.

"Would you like a piece of cheese, Stanley?" I asked.

"He wants a sip of your wine," laughed Papa Duchesne.

Some forty seconds later, I had a man-sized job trying to pry the glass loose from Stanley's little fist. The battle broke up when François' picture arrived. It looked like something straight from the silver screen, and I thought to myself that there must have been more than one heart flutter when the young ladies of Cohoes looked up at the flag over the yellow house.

"François is in Africa," the mother said. "He is a sergeant." Then after a pause, "He will be married when he returns."

She looked intently at the picture, and there was more than a hint of moisture in her dark eyes. But it passed in a brief second. She smiled

and handed me the picture of Ernest.

Ernest is the lieutenant. He is in the radio division and, at the present time, is stationed in Georgia. He had been on leave for his brother's wedding, so Mother Duchesne knew that he was well and, so far, out of danger.

"Of course you want to see the baby," she said.

I looked around to see if someone like Stanley was approaching, but she handed me another picture to look at. The "baby" was a delicate little thing of six feet-odd, with the frail shoulders of a five-year-old ox. This was Private George, who is eighteen years old and has recently lent his brawn to the Black Panther Division in Texas.

Father Paul is, of course, the pride of the family. I said good-by to him on the dock at San Francisco, in 1939. His first assignment was to the Maryknoll mission territory of Kongmoon, which has been split across the middle by the line of the

*Lieutenant Ernest Duchesne*



*Private George Duchesne*





invading Japanese. Fachow, where he is now stationed, is on the fringe of Free China.

Father Paul has been dodging explosions and running his mission for four years now, which keeps him rather well occupied. For some time he has been living on two meals a day. Not Army meals, by any means; they consist, generally, of two meager bowls of rice. Meanwhile the famine in his part of China is beyond description. He feeds what people he can, and his medical dispensary is going strong at all hours. Most important, his list of converts continues to grow; a fact that will make any priest proud.

#### ***For God and country***

Mother Duchesne never boasts about her children. She doesn't need to. But her eyes are bright, and she remains young and vivacious in her happiness. When her husband walks home from work every day, his thoughts are pleasant. Many things

have happened to Papa Duchesne in the forty years that have sped by since he moved into the yellow house on the hill. The six greatest things are his boys, who are serving their country and their God.

In his youth, before he married, Mr. Duchesne was a mule Skinner on the Erie Canal. It was one hundred and one miles along the towpath between Cohoes and Utica, and the young man walked at the mule's head, keeping the cable taut and inching his barge along the winding ribbon of water. He dreamed his dream of a happy family in those days.

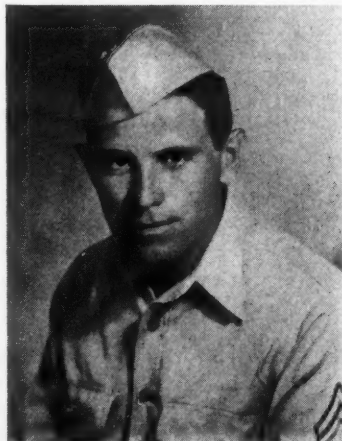
It was difficult to leave the pleasant kitchen. The room looked so beautifully "lived in" that it is doubtful if any of the family will remain far afield—at least in thought.

"*Au revoir, Mère Duchesne.*" I was standing in the doorway.

"Good-by, *Père Robert.* Come again; come again, soon. Stanley, come shake hands with Father."

"I don' wanna."

*Corporal Arthur Duchesne*



*Father Paul Duchesne*



*A missionary's problem is solved  
by American fighting men.*

## **Mud walls and wings**

by JAMES F. SMITH

"WELL, there go our last two thousand Chinese dollars. Melting away by the minute, and nothing to be done about it," pondered Father Greene.

Heavy rain is almost unheard-of in August in the Kweilin sector of South China. Yet here it was, a downpour. Heedless of his sodden clothes, the young missionary stood contemplating the crumbling clay walls of what was to have been the new chapel. A great pool was forming where the altar was to have stood, and rivulets were deepening out of all proportion the hollows left for the Stations of the Cross.

Only this morning the contractor had dropped a piece of news that was like a bombshell—the new chapel would cost just twice as much as had been estimated! Floods had changed the Kwei River into a torrent that had lifted hundreds of floating logs from their moorings and carried them far downstream. The ensuing shortage of lumber had doubled its price immediately. Well, the mission simply did not have the additional sum.

Yet there was such urgent need of

this new chapel in the South Gate area of the city. People were flocking for instruction in the Faith, but there was no building to serve as a catechumenate and simple place of worship.

By careful reckoning Father Greene had found that just two thousand Chinese dollars were available. So the work had been begun. The chapel was to have been constructed cheaply, of bamboo and baked clay for the most part, with a straw roof. There had not been time to erect the roof and it looked as if the work

done so far would be a total loss.

Father Greene turned discouraged eyes to the good lumber whirling downstream toward the sea. Where on earth could he get money? His motorcycle had already been sold, and the proceeds put into another mission venture.

Then a thought flashed into his mind. He would ask the men at the airfield to

help him when he went there that evening for Mass! No, he could not do that. He had never mentioned money to the American fighting men. He must find some other means.

The day wore on, but no other way



*Father Robert Greene*

out of the difficulty presented itself to the harassed priest's mind. For the first time he looked forward with anything but pleasure to his weekly meeting with the air-men, but by the time he had reached the field, he had screwed up his courage for the unpleasant task.

Then he had a new shock. The Catholic air-men whom he had seen every Sunday were for the most part gone. Instead of seventy or eighty at Mass, only about thirty men were present. Most of these were strangers to him. He made up his mind to say nothing of his need, and at once experienced a distinct feeling of relief.

Usually Father Greene gave a short talk after the last Gospel. This evening, Mass was later than usual. He felt it would not be fair to keep the men long, for already the others were assembling outside for a picture show. So when the missionary turned around to speak, he said he would not give them a sermon. He certainly had no intention of speaking of his financial needs; in fact, he did not. But the picture of the crumbling mission walls simply molded itself into words, and the words tumbled out.

He told them about the people who were studying the doctrine at Kweilin's South Gate, and how much a chapel was needed in that area. He told them how all his plans had been



*Mass is said wherever the priest can find soldiers.  
Here the cover of a jeep becomes an altar*

spoiled by the rains.

The chapel would have been at the corner of the road, just as they turned to the first line of houses outside the city. They would have passed it every time they drove into Kweilin. Just a straw-roofed building, with a cross on top, of course. That would identify it. But then, the rains are unpredictable. Perhaps the chapel would be built later.

Father Greene went to remove his vestments, feeling the depression of his own words. He was not happy about the talk. The soldiers, he thought, had troubles enough, and in retrospect, it did not seem fair that he should load his own mission worries on their shoulders, broad

and strong as they were. Next Sunday he must try to be more cheerful.

He turned and met a group of soldiers who were standing quietly as he removed his vestments. They seemed to be waiting for someone to make the opening move. Then one of the senior officers came to the priest and gave him a folded note.

"For the chapel, Father," he said. It was a five-hundred-dollar Chinese note.

#### **All he had with him**

Father Greene had no chance to recover from the shock, for every single man came to him, each with an offering. The missionary could only take the bills, murmuring his thanks.

One man held out a fifty-dollar bill. "Sorry, Father—this is all I have with me."

As the last of the men approached, Father Greene could no longer trust himself to speak. He just pressed the hand of each generous donor. His joy was chiefly a feeling of intense pride and happiness in what those grand American lads had shown themselves to be.

When he got back to Kweilin he counted the money. Over five thousand Chinese dollars, or approxi-

mately two hundred American dollars had been given by a handful of officers and enlisted men just because of their faith and their desire to help others in need.

Father Greene had thought of the possibility of an airmen's chapel ever since he had become their auxiliary chaplain, but it had been of a chapel for the men of the Air Force, not one built by them for the Chinese. How much better this was—possibly the first airmen's church in China!

It would stand at the corner of the road, and its little cross would point to the sky that is the airmen's highway. Its very existence would be a ceaseless prayer for the brave men whose service is their country's, but whose lives belong to God.



*IN order to co-operate with the Government in conserving paper we have reduced the paper consumption of each copy by 60%; likewise the January and February issues have been combined.*

*If more than one copy of THE FIELD AFAR goes to your home, we will be grateful if you clip the name and address from each copy you receive and write us that one copy is sufficient for your family. We shall extend the subscription of this one copy for the length of time all the subscriptions would run when added together.*



### **Your Prayers, Please!**

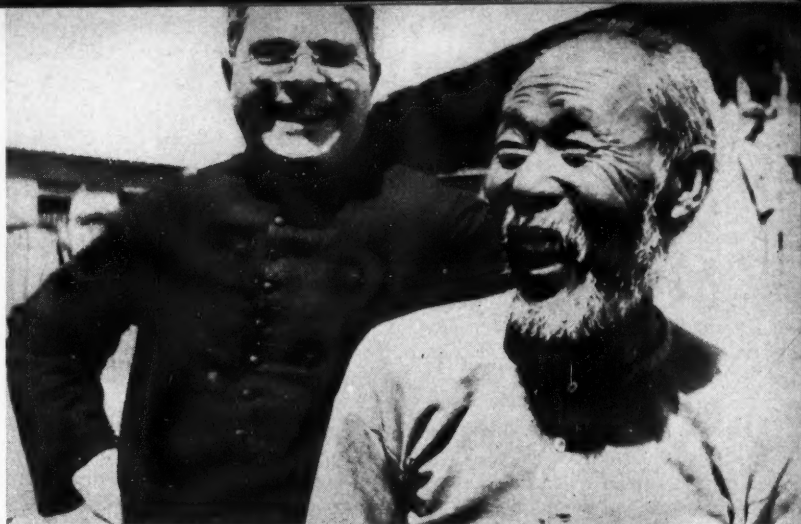
**W**E have received the following special requests for prayers. These intentions have been read out publicly in our Maryknoll chapel. May we ask you, too, to remember these needs of your fellow members of Maryknoll? Please feel free to submit your requests for our prayers and for those of all Maryknoll Members.

*Persons sick, 2,158*

*Persons deceased, 9,565*

*Persons in the services, 9,473*

*Other special intentions, 18,587*



*A sense of humor is a missionary's "must." Father Hewitt has attracted many to the Church with his smile*

## ***Mrs. Chu explains***

MRS. CHU lives on a small farm ten miles from the Maryknoll Fushun mission center in Manchukuo. She is a sturdy, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasant smile. All seasons find Mrs. Chu trudging to Sunday Mass.

As soon as she reaches the church, she slips into a place on the women's side of the aisle and opens a book. She cannot read, so the book aroused the pastor's curiosity. One Sunday he asked to see it.

Mrs. Chu handed him a paper cover containing much-thumbed blank sheets—red, white, yellow, purple, green, and blue.

"How do you use this prayer book?" questioned the missionary.

"Well, I will tell the *Shen Fu*

about some of the prayers. I look at the red sheet and think of joy. Red is the color of joy in our country. It is also the color of fire. I think of the joy I'd lose if I went to eternal fire.

"White is purity. I must keep my children pure, so they will never lose their baptismal innocence.

"Yellow and purple and green are like the sunset over the hills behind my farm. Sunset is a beautiful gateway at the end of the road. One day I shall pass through the gate.

"Blue is heaven, beyond the gate. When I get to this sheet, I just stop and look at Our Lord in the Tabernacle. He looks back at me. Then, *Shen Fu*, I don't need the prayer book anymore."

# MARYKNOLL

CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA



MARYKNOLL was fortunate in its beginnings. It started with assets calculated to guarantee the success of any well-conceived spiritual work. One was a divine idea, stamped with the approval of the Church. Another was a pair of Founders so venerable and so venerated as to enlist the instinctive confidence of the Church. And still another was a complete poverty that necessitated an intimate dependence on the Church.

To these blessings add a worn-out farm in Westchester County that nobody could successfully cultivate—and a touch of romance that nobody could quite analyze—and Maryknoll was on its way.

## **Youth came**

HOW far would it go? It had not moved a single step—for all its propitious introduction. And then the youth of America came. They set to work to make the worn-out farm, if not a means of livelihood, at least a place on which to live. They sniffed universally at the romance, seeing their vocation as one that called for a strong back and a tough fiber of mind and spirit, rather than for any gifts of polite piety and graceful sensibility.

They were right in not seeing the poetry—for they themselves are the only poetry in foreign-mission work. The only romance in mission life is

the fact that some men find it all joy to embrace such a vocation, for the sake of their brethren in Christ.

So the youth of America came, saw, and were conquered by Maryknoll, finding in it the lifetime answer to the need God had put in their own hearts. They clothed it in flesh and blood through their own concurrence. It grew from an order of the day to an army on the march.

We still farm. The "Brother Henery" who first struggled with our stubborn acres has grown into the giant stature of Father Meyer, performer of mission marvels, known these many years as Maryknoll's gift extraordinary to South China. The student who blithely pulled up all the vegetables and carefully spared all the weeds is now a bishop in China. Successive generations of us have gone in for various sorts of trial-and-error farming and have learned many things—among them how to use our hands to till the soil, and our hearts to love and respect the tillers of the soil among whom our missionaries work.

We still farm, but what we now have is a combination of experimental agricultural station and suburbanite Victory Garden, with a bit of landscaping thrown in. It provides healthful work for calloused hands to do, green sprouts for scampering



bunnies to nibble, and sometimes something to eat.

A different story is Lackawanna County, in the State of Pennsylvania. We knew the area as productive of hard coal and hardy vocations when we acquired that strip of it now occupied by our Apostolic College, but we did not then realize we were to be so fortunate as to reap something like two thousand bushels of potatoes from it this past year. Add bountiful tomatoes, together with other delectable fruits and vegetables of sundry kinds. This is a real farm, run by real farmers in the guise of our skilled Brothers, who are in turn abetted by the energetic labor of the students.

New England's Concord River knows us also, but our establishment at Bedford takes after the parent Maryknoll in being more of a vegetable garden than a farm.

And in the garden State of California—where our only other sizable property is located—we do not farm at all, but keep busy with the little landscaping and Victory gardening that is practicable for our restricted area, content to add a modest speck of greenery to the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, of which we are a part.

Maryknoll belongs to the youth of America. God made it for them, and they are making it their own. They are not the best farmers in the world. But they learn how to plant and to

water, and to wait patiently for the increase. It may be that the lessons of the farm will help them to be good missionaries.

### ***Shortsighted measure***

BACK in 1919, there was in this magazine a note that forcefully deplored the gratuitous discrimination of the Chinese Exclusion Act. It appeared in the editorial column presided over by Father James Anthony Walsh. The man who founded Maryknoll and edited this paper was noted for his careful abstention from all public questions not strictly con-

cerned with his own chosen province, but immigration was one issue on which he always had a word to say. We think he saw an intimate connection between immigration policies and foreign missions, and he foresaw the serious

embarrassment to mission work that might arise from national attitudes based on racial discrimination.

Today it has been recognized that the shortsighted measure is an embarrassment, not only to mission work, but to the whole war effort of the United Nations. Peace to the ashes of this unhappy chapter of selfish isolation—and may its tardy reversal prove symptomatic of a more brotherly and democratic spirit in our international relationships to come.



## Under the Southern Cross

### Racing a landslide

OUR trip to Sandia, a hamlet tucked away amid towering mountains of southern Peru, was marked by an unforgettable incident. As we were trudging along the footpath, our porter suddenly shouted and pointed to a summit two thousand feet above us. We looked—and saw the top of the mountain beginning to move.

Fortunately we moved a bit faster! A couple of minutes later, heaving and puffing, we turned around to see a huge landslide. Tons of dirt and great boulders rushed roaring down the slope.

Father Lyons and I looked at one another in silence, thanking God for the presence of our Indian porter. Had it not been for his timely warning, we should almost certainly have been swept away by the landslide.

*Father Donald C. Cleary,  
of Newark, New Jersey,  
now in Puno, Peru*

### Don Angel

BISHOP Larrain, of Talca, our Chilean superior, thought it well for the Maryknoll Padres to inaugurate the practice of Sunday collections in their Molina chapel.

The task of collector was proudly assumed by none other than Don Angel, our "Old Faithful." He is night watchman at the Correa farm, but has also constituted himself our gateman by day. When he sleeps, if

at all, is a profound mystery to us.

"Old Faithful" wears his black slouch hat pulled low over his swarthy forehead and looks the part of a train bandit, until he smiles.

Then the smallest child would not fear him.

There's no flipping of the basket from pew to pew in our church, for Don Angel has only one arm. Majestically he gives each of the faithful ample time to respond, and the added stimulus of a stern, inquiring gaze!



*Father Donald Cleary*

*Father George C. Powers,  
of West Lynn, Massachusetts,  
now in Talca, Chile*

### River apostolate

THE launch chugged down the Tahuemanu River, passing right through the heart of the jungle country. My purpose was to visit the many little Indian settlements along the stream. The largest of these bore the name of Tadzara.

Its people were jubilant to see a Padre, but disappointed to learn that I was merely passing through. I had time only to administer the



*Father George Powers*

Sacrament of Baptism. About ten unbaptized babies were brought to me. I finally got all the statistics down and started the ceremony.

In the middle of it, I heard the launch's whistle. That meant the captain wanted to leave. My fare was not paid, so I felt sure he would not go without me. However, it did not help matters to hear the whistle blow during the remainder of the ceremony.

*Father Walter J. Valladon,  
of Oakland, California,  
now in Porvenir, Bolivia*

### **Teraco markets**

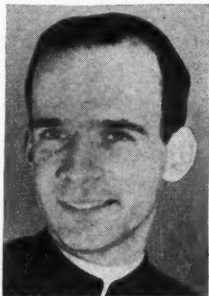
**F**ATHER Aurteneche, the pastor of Teraco, is a Basque and the soul of hospitality. Determined that I should miss none of the local sights, he escorted me to the bull market.

Mine host walked right among the bulls, while I gave them a wide berth. We came to a malicious-looking beast, which seemed to question our presence. The pastor gave it a resounding smack on the rump and vigorously pulled its tail!

When we passed to the safer market of the vegetable kingdom, I drew a breath of relief. The Padre explained to me that the llama wool hats of the Indian saleswomen



*Father John Lawler*



*Father Joseph Donnelly*

are very hard. Meanwhile he unceremoniously removed the hat of one of his parishioners and handed it to me for closer inspection.

Then he offhandedly clapped the hat back on the pleased and smiling owner's head. It was easy to see that the Indians loved their Basque Padre.

*Father Joseph B. Donnelly,  
of Brookline, Pennsylvania,  
now in Puno, Peru*

### **Bolivian trolley**

**T**HE other day our famous "Toonerville Trolley" struck a rock near the tracks. The repercussion sent the ancient vehicle up in the air.

People began to scream hysterically, and in the confusion a woman was thrown out. Fearing that she might roll under the wheels, I jumped out beside her. Fortunately she had not sustained any serious injury.

Within ten minutes the tram was jogging along again under the hot sun. The conductor thanked me over and over again for helping the woman and insisted that I should not pay my fare—which, incidentally, amounted to two cents!

*Father John J. Lawler,  
of New Bedford, Massachusetts,  
now in Calacala, Bolivia*

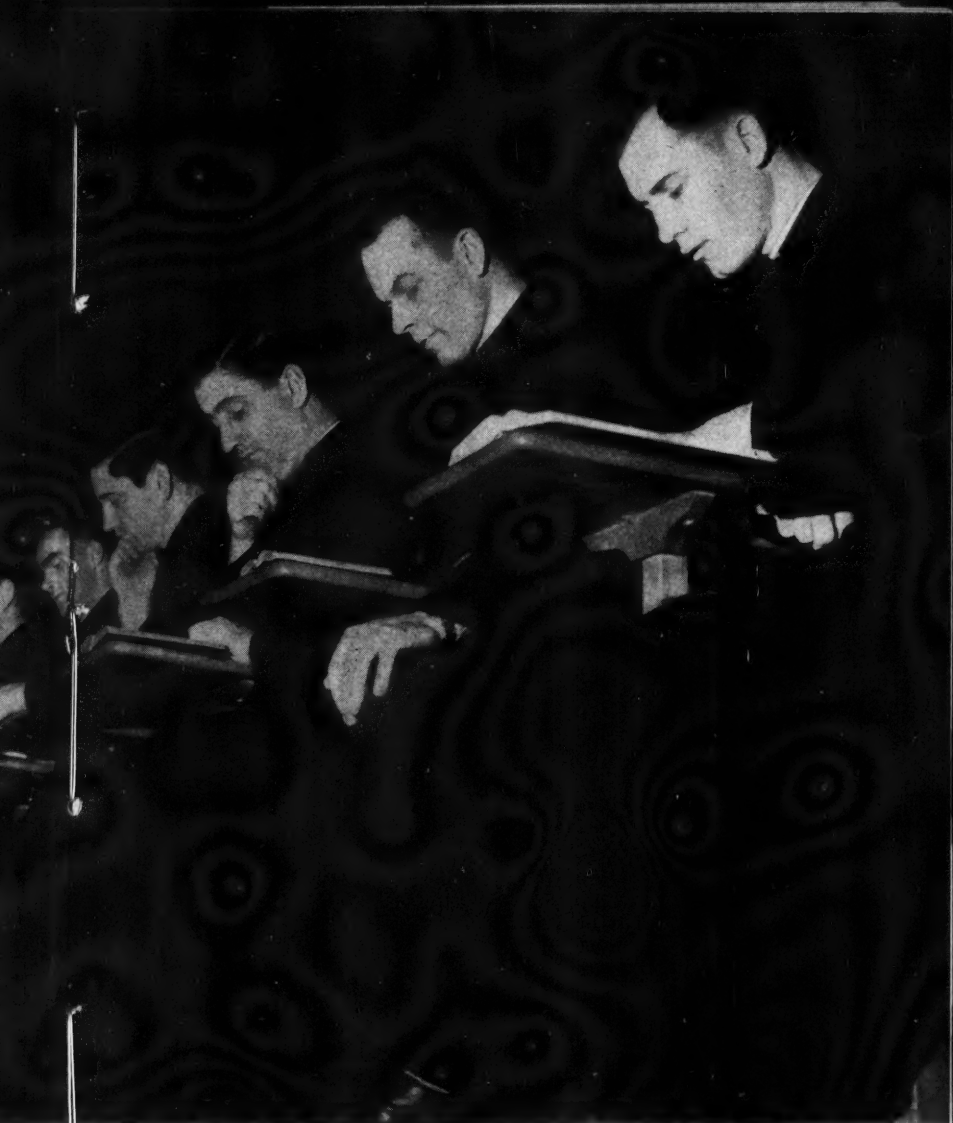


*Father Walter Valladon*

## HOPES

In the young Americans preparing in our Maryknoll seminaries over the country, we see a bright hope for the future. One day they will carry the blessings of Christ to countless thousands in far-off corners of the earth.





**T**HE beginning of 1944 finds hundreds of young men from all sections of the United States preparing in Maryknoll Seminaries. But there is room in the missions for additional thousands.



*Training to bring lasting peace to all humanity, these young Americans are but a few of the many needed*

## ***The missionary's "One World"***

by JAMES G. KELLER

**T**HE sudden shrinking of our globe in this age of airplanes causes even confirmed isolationists to admit reluctantly that there may be something in this "One World" idea, and a rash of theories concerning it is currently plaguing the bewildered public.

But for a missionary, there is nothing confusing or startling in this "modern development." His has always been the supranational world in which "there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free." For all are "one in Christ Jesus."

### ***"That all may be one"***

History proves that there has never been any abiding bond of world union other than the "One

World" which is the missionary's goal.

As the approach of eternity revealed to Napoleon Bonaparte the vanity of his dream of world domination, he said: "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I founded great empires. But upon what did the creation of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love, and to this very day millions would die for Him."

In the vast land of China, there labored before the outbreak of World War II twelve thousand missionaries. Some were from China itself; some came from the United States, Canada, England, Ireland, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Portugal, Poland, Austria, and many other countries. All had the same grand purpose



of welding China into the "One World" of Christ's love.

In this age, when agonized humanity looks from the blood and mire of warring nations to the hope of a better world, the missionary has a unique opportunity of promoting the "One World" where Christ is the head and all men are the members.

### **"Laborers are few"**

In centuries past, Europe has sent missionaries to all parts of the earth, but the close of this second World War will find the older Christian countries impoverished and depopulated. The Church of America must take up the burden of the apostolate.

Several hundred young Americans are now preparing in Maryknoll seminaries for this greatest of all vocations, but many more are needed to hasten the world unity which is the Kingdom of God.

There must be thousands of Catholic young men in the United States who would be glad to dedicate their lives to the only cause that can bring lasting peace to all humanity. "The harvest indeed is great, but the laborers are few." (St. Luke X: 2).

\* \* \*

*If you are interested in becoming an American ambassador of Christ to the Orient or Latin America, be sure to let us hear from you. We'll be happy to send you further particulars.*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK

Please send me information about becoming a Maryknoll missionary.

My Name .....

My Address .....

## **Three Minute Meditation**

*"Let your light shine before men . . ."*

—ST. MATTHEW V: 16

AS the hungry man pleads for but one morsel of food, and the thirsty for but one sip of water, so does the vast mass of mankind still in darkness long for one glimpse of that radiance which is the "Light of the World."

But the tiny bit of food and the one sip of water are not enough. Meat and drink are essential to man's life. A little does not go a long way. So, too, is the Light the sustenance of every man's soul. Men crave it in abundance.

There is no star or flame as brilliant as this Light. It is Christ, and He dwells in us. We have the Light in abundance. But over the earth, more than a thousand million others still sit in darkness.

"Let your light shine before men!" It is Christ who pleads with us. Each of us has the privilege, in one way or another, of being a Light-bearer to the two thirds of the world still waiting for the Light.

*Three Minute Meditation: read a minute, reflect another minute, and pray the third minute.*



## ***The bandit***

by WILKIE GORDON

**T**OMASO was alternately flailing the mule with his bare heels and throwing loud kisses, but the beast was unperturbed. Tomaso, being a man of great patience, settled back comfortably. Why waste effort? It was difficult work to induce locomotion in a stubborn mule; and he was just as happy here, in the cool of the trees, as he would be out on the road.

When the mule was certain that she had her own way, she began the journey, and Tomaso let his supple body sway with the rhythm of the movement. They entered the dark, cool pathway to the jungle. Quietly at first, and then louder and stronger, Tomaso raised his voice, and the mellow words of a song rose to the high tree branches, where they seemed to hover in the foliage for a vibrant, melodious moment.

After a while it became evident that the travelers were approaching a village, because the road was wider

and traffic had chewed it into dust. There were fewer birds, because the trees were less beautiful; they were grey with dust, and the sheen of foliage was gone.

The village was brown. The earth and the unpainted buildings were almost the same color. The hills rising away in the background were of a lighter tint, as though the rains had washed away some of the pigment. In the center of the village was a tavern—the largest of them all—and it was there that Tomaso tied his mule. A shout greeted him.

"Ya, Tomaso. Look here!" A villager threw his hat into the air, and Tomaso's hand darted like the head of a snake.

A silver flash split the air, and the hat leaped violently. When it fell to the floor, it was impaled upon a thin, vicious-looking knife.

"Ho, Tomaso! You have not lost your touch with the knife. Come now,

and cut the dust from your throat. Panzo's liquor is as sharp as your blade; I think he dips it out of the volcano."

"What will you drink, Tomaso?"

Panzo, the tavern keeper, looked at him with respect, as though Tomaso were a great landowner, a member of the royalty.

"Nothing just now, Panzo. I will rest for a moment. Bring me my shoes. I am in town now, and I must dress up."

The conversation, after the first greeting, had died down. The others were waiting for Tomaso to speak. It was clear that he was a leader among them.

Tomaso was tall, much taller than the ordinary Ecuadorian Indian. His shoulders were broad; and his head, gracefully placed upon his muscular neck, was finely shaped and covered with a thick, shining mat of wavy black hair. Slumped back in a chair, with his shod feet on the table, he smiled with his eyes. He was the picture of a man without a care in the world, a man as gentle as a kitten. But the villagers knew that Tomaso was loaded with dynamite. Many men on the road had found that out, for Tomaso was a bandit.

"Tomaso, *amigo*, a funny thing happened this morning," said Panzo. "A man was here to see you."

"That is not very funny, Panzo. Maybe this man had some business. Who can tell?"

"A funny business this man would have with you, Tomaso. He was a Padre."

"This is good," laughed one. "Maybe he wants you to confess yourself."

Tomaso laughed and then became

serious. "What did the Padre want?" he asked.

"I don't know," Panzo replied, "but he is still in the village. Do you want something to drink now, Tomaso?"

"No. No, I don't think so, Panzo. I think I will go and see the Padre first."

\* \* \*

The Padre was not difficult to find. He was a man of Tomaso's own height, perhaps even a little taller. He was standing near a watering trough, and looking at the town as if he wanted to remember it.

The priest spoke without hesitation. "Hello, Tomaso. I was waiting for you."

"Hello, Padre." The two men shook hands.

"You must have just arrived."

"Yes, Padre. Panzo told me you wanted to see me."

"I notice that you still have your little Pepito, Tomaso."

Tomaso flushed, and his hand went down to the knife at his side. "Yes, Padre. Pepito is like another arm to me." He patted the blade affectionately.

The two men laughed. It would have been a strange sight to the villagers in the tavern, the priest and the bandit talking so intimately.

The incident went back several months. On a street corner in Quito, Tomaso had been joking with some of his cronies. Tomaso was not a braggart, but his fame as a knife thrower was widespread. A small lizard was climbing up the side of a house, and one of his companions urged him to pin the moving target to the wall. Tomaso said that he did

not throw Pepito at harmless creatures, and, besides, he liked lizards.

The persuasion continued, however, and suddenly Tomaso flicked the knife through the air, and it stuck in the wall barely a half inch from the reptile's head. The action was so swift that it was unnoticed until the blade was embedded.

But something unexpected happened. A tall stranger grasped Tomaso's arm. The grip must have been like steel, because Tomaso winced. The others backed away, and Tomaso heard one say: "The Padre! He is angry."

Actually, the knife had passed within a few inches of the Padre's head, and he thought that it had been meant for him.

Tomaso was about to explain, when he noticed that the lizard was gone and his words would sound foolish. However, others came forward and told the story. The priest laughed and went on his way. Tomaso was embarrassed and the imprint of the Padre's fingers remained long on his arm. That was why he remembered now this tall Padre from New York.

The priest sat at the watering trough and filled his pipe.

"Tomaso," he said. "I should like to go into the jungle. I am told that you know it very well."

"Yes, Padre, I know some of it. Nobody knows it all."

"I want you to take me in there, Tomaso."

"Where do you want to go, Padre?"

"I don't know yet. I am looking for Indian people."

"It is very dangerous, Padre."

"Yes, I know."

They started the next day. During the trip, Tomaso was a guide, and there his official capacity ended. The priest did his own share of the work, and the two chatted like old cronies.

\* \* \*



It happened early one morning. Tomaso's mule was tethered in a grassy spot, and everything was peaceful. Just about at the break of dawn, a piercing scream rent the air. Tomaso was on his feet in an instant, the priest following. There was a gun in the luggage, but they had been hesitant about carrying it because it might make the Indians suspicious.

The mule was tugging at his tether and squealing shrilly. A few feet from him crouched a jaguar, immobile except for a twitching motion that rippled through his long tail. He was getting ready to spring.

Tomaso whipped out his knife, and its blade took the jaguar squarely in the shoulder. It was a deep cut, but it did not strike a vital spot, and the beast sprang through the air with bared fangs. Tomaso went down. The jaguar turned and, snarling, glided into the woods, with Tomaso's knife still protruding from his hide.

Tomaso had suffered a bad gash. The jaguar's claws had laid the flesh open straight down the Indian's chest. The wound was only a few inches from his throat, and blood was spurting with each beat of his heart.

The priest stopped the flow of blood and began to dress the ugly wound. He hesitated a moment with

a bottle of medicine, and Tomaso said: "Pour it in, Padre. It won't hurt much!"

The missionary poured the powerful antiseptic into the gash. Tomaso gritted his teeth and tried to make a joke, but the pain was too great, and he lost consciousness.

As he applied bandages, the priest pictured himself in the jungle for at least a week, because Tomaso could not be moved without the danger of serious bleeding, which might not be stopped so easily the next time. He hoped their provisions would last.

There was a very slight sound behind him, and he looked up to see himself surrounded. The Indians carried spears, some even had old rifles, and they were all unclothed except for a small loincloth. It was not a pleasant moment. After a silence that seemed almost interminable, one of them addressed the missionary in Spanish.

"You are the Padre?" he asked.

"That's right."

"You are coming to our village?"

"If I can find it, I am," he smiled.

"You will teach the children?"

"That is what I am coming for."

"It is good," the Indian replied, and immediately gave a signal. In

less than an hour, the Indians had constructed a litter, and Tomaso was riding down the trail like a king.

The priest looked on for awhile and then grinned and said, "Can you beat it?"

About a week later, Tomaso was walking around. He would soon be fit for the road. The priest had spent many hours in conference with the men of the village.

"You will remain with us?" the chief asked.

"Not for long," replied the priest. "But there will be another Padre here within a few weeks."

"Like you?" the Indian inquired.

"Like me."

Tomaso broke into this conversation. "We have more places to go. Is it not so, Padre *amigo*?"

"Yes." He addressed the men rather than Tomaso. "There are many more villages."

The Indians nodded their understanding and offered to send guides, but Tomaso spoke up.

"I can guide the Padre," he said. "You know, I think I like this life. But it is too bad about Pepito."

"That's all right, Tomaso," the priest said. "When we get to Quito, we will buy Pepito's twin brother."

### ***Silver Jubilee congratulations!***

Twenty-five years ago, when Maryknoll's first group of missionaries went to China, three new mission societies were established in America.

That year, 1918, saw the birth of the *Catholic Students' Mission Crusade*, which has done so much to make the Catholic youth of our country mission-minded. In Nebraska, *St. Columban's Foreign Mission Society* opened its doors. It has sent missionaries to China, Korea, Burma, and the Philippines. In Canada, the *Scarboro Foreign Mission Society* began to train apostles for China.

"I am come to cast fire on the earth: and what will I, but that it be kindled?"—*St. Luke XII:49.*



*In the Maryknoll Sisters' Macao (South China) refugee school, over four hundred little ones are fed daily*

## ***"Compared with this!"***

by SISTER M. PATRICIA COUGHLIN

**"I** THOUGHT we were busy in Hong Kong; but compared with this place, we had nothing to do!" exclaims Sister Maria Teresa, the Chinese member of our little community.

There are over four hundred children in our Macao refugee school, so none of us has much spare time. Exiled by war from Kongmoon and Hong Kong, six Maryknoll Sisters are now in this Portuguese colony. Bishop Ramalho, keenly interested in our work, encourages us by a fatherly kindness.

Besides the children's home, we have a near-by refuge for almost a thousand beggars, whom we visit twice daily. In a single month we baptized ninety-five dying people at this refuge. Another of our tasks is

to give one meal daily to five hundred refugees for whom we have no room in our shelters.

Sister Maria Teresa loves children and manages them beautifully. She supervises all the cooking and does the marketing, yet still finds time to see that the dormitories are kept spotless.

### ***"You win!"***

We go upstairs together and enter a room overflowing with boys. Amid all the commotion, one little fellow, emaciated and dull-eyed, lies listlessly on a cot. He has not been in the refugee school long enough to get over the effects of starvation.

Sister Maria Teresa issues various competent orders, and the boys scurry to and fro. We visit the girls'

quarters; then I accompany Sister on a marketing expedition.

Sister Maria Teresa drives a hard bargain. The old merchant protests vehemently, but all the while he is watching Sister with a sort of amused admiration.

"If I give you all that rice for such a miserable sum, I shall be a beggar!" he cries.

"Well, our religion teaches that it is hard for the rich to enter the kingdom of heaven," states Sister. "Have you any children?" she continues.

The old man's face grows sad. "My sons were killed in the war."

"There are over four hundred children in our home," suggests Sister.

"You win, you win!" he exclaims. "In memory of my boys I will give food to raise up other sons for China. But you will make me a beggar yet."

"Then you can come and live in our refuge," Sister promises.

**"I'll help you"**

We hasten home, where Sister presides at the preparation of dinner. In the afternoon I see her in the yard

with Sister Beatrice, discussing the welfare of our livestock—three pigs and nine hens.

Sister Beatrice grew up on an Iowa farm. "We should have many more chickens," she says. "A goat would be good, too. Soon I'm going to plant vegetables in this whole acre here."

Sister Maria Teresa nods vigorously. "I'll help you," she volunteers.

Later she insists on visiting the refuge, although it is not her turn. "A girl who is dying there feels very bitter," she explains. "I have thought of how I may comfort her and give her faith."

At last the children have been safely tucked in, and we have gone to bed. I am dozing off, when I hear Sister Maria Teresa stirring about.

"What is the matter?"

"I just remembered something I want to put out for breakfast," she says. "Then, that little girl who was brought to us today is probably frightened. I'm going to sit with her a while. Now for goodness' sake, don't worry about me. I'll be back before you know it!"



THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS,  
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

I am enclosing herewith \$....., to be used by Maryknoll Sisters for the direct work of saving souls.

*My Name* .....

*My Address* .....

I will send, as long as I can, \$..... each month for the support of a Maryknoll Sister. (\$1 supports a Sister one day. There are 675 Maryknoll Sisters.)



*War or no war, Kim Gabriel  
found a way to say good-by*

## **Kim Gabriel of Chuwa**

by FELIX WHITE

FIVE years in an Oriental mission field still leave a foreigner pretty much of a beginner in the understanding of his people's language, customs, and mentality; but he has had ample time to lose his heart to his adopted land. My heart is still in Korea.

The Korean peninsula is divided from Manchukuo by two rivers, the Yalu and the Tuman. These rivers are on the same latitude as New York City. The peninsula itself is six hundred miles long, and about a hundred and thirty miles wide at its broadest.

The climate is a healthy one, with very cold winters. In spring, north winds carry with them sandstorms from the Gobi Desert, where once rode the mighty Mongolian war lord, Genghis Khan. June and July are excessively hot. August is the rainy season, when leather and cloth sprout coats of mildew. Fall months are glorious, with bright, clear days and crisp nights, like our own Indian summer.

Koreans are born nature lovers, and every child knows the names of the native trees and birds. There are

still tigers, leopards, and bears in the wilder sections of the country. Fish of many species abound in Korean waters and form an important part of the people's diet.

Rice is the chief crop. Barley, millet, oats, wheat, maize, cotton, hemp, and tobacco also are cultivated in various parts of Korea. Beans, sweet potatoes, cabbages, and turnips grow to large sizes. There is hardly any dairying done in the peninsula. The cattle are all used for farming; and when they can no longer work, they are butchered. As you may imagine, the meat is rather tough.

When I first went to Korea, I studied the language and assisted one of the older missionaries for three years. The first parish where I worked alone was the Masan district, where I had twelve towns to visit. In June, 1941, I was transferred to Chuwa. By that time, police shadowed my

every move. It made me nervous.

On the afternoon of December 8, 1941, one of the detectives who had been in charge of me came to the mission and said that war had been



*Father White, of Geneva, New York*



*The people turn to the priest for every sort of help*

declared. The following morning I was taken to Peng Yang, where most of the Maryknoll priests in Korea were interned until June, 1942.

When it had been decided that we were to be sent back to the United States on the exchange ship, the *Gripsholm*, we were allowed to return to our missions in order to dispose of our property.

#### ***Where is that bell?***

While imprisoned, I had thought often of my Christians, but now I was not allowed to speak to any of them. A group of school children lined up at the mission to say farewell, but the police drove them away.

My escort had brought me to the station, when I heard the clear tinkle of what sounded like my Mass bell. How often and how faithfully had seven-year-old Kim Gabriel rung that little bell—at the right moments, to be sure, but always just a trifle longer than the rubrics required! With fast-beating heart, I hung

back and glanced quickly all about.

Yes, there he was, peeping around a laden ox cart. His smiling face was grimy as of old, and his hair had the familiar cowlicks. Again he tinkled the little bell, and his lips formed the question he had never failed to ask, "How many candles?"

Gabe loved lights, and always lived in hope that he would be told to kindle more than the wonted two.

Now the police had also heard the bell, and were setting out to explore. But Gabe was prepared. He slid under the fodder in the cart, disappearing completely from view.

Kim Gabriel of Chuwa, slight of build and large of heart, it will be a happy day for me when I again can hear you inquire, "Will there be Mass tomorrow, Father?"

• •

**I**N your will find a place for Maryknoll. Write to us for a free copy of *How to Make a Catholic Will*.

## **Jeannette's Maryknoll Magazine**

by BROTHER FELIX

RECENTLY a family from Pennsylvania was being shown through the Field Afar Office building at Maryknoll by Father Cawley. When the stencil room was reached, Jeannette, aged nine, was entranced with the banked rows of steel trays in which the subscribers' stencils are filed.

"If somebody gets THE FIELD AFAR, is her name here?" she asked Father Cawley.

Father took her by the hand and started walking past the files, reading the index cards out loud. Soon Jeannette ran ahead and, surely enough, discovered Pennsylvania.

"Our town!" she cried. "Here it is!"

Father Cawley pulled the tray out. The eager child went flicking through the stencils, and suddenly her own name looked up at her.

Then they all went into a large room full of addressing machines. One of the Sisters set Jeannette's tray of stencils. The wheels started turning, the stencils moved quickly, and magazines seemed to dance from the unfinished pile to the finished,



*Your magazine starts on its journey to you, via the Maryknoll mail truck*

addressed pile. The clatter stopped as abruptly as it had started, and Sister showed Jeannette her own addressed copy.

The child admired it—then said, "Can we mail it now?"

Passing into still another room, the visitors found a Brother operating a machine that neatly tied up the magazines into bundles.

"Hello," said Brother. "What have you there?"

He found a Pennsylvania sack, threw in Jeannette's package, weighed the sack, and dashed to the door, outside which a truck was about to start.

"Hi, Brother Charles! Room for one more sack?"

Jeannette saw the mail sack sail



*THE FIELD AFAR is still going to distant parts of the world. Many of our readers are in the armed forces overseas.*

through the door into the truck. Then off went the truck to the Ossining station.

"It's a wonder you didn't jump into the truck with your magazine,"

her father laughed and exclaimed.

Jeannette chuckled—then clapped her hands. "Just think, Daddy," she exulted, "we'll find THE FIELD AFAR waiting for us when we get home!"

### **Monsignor Megan, S.V.D.**

A responsible post has been assigned by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek to an American prelate.

Monsignor Megan is Prefect Apostolic of Sin Siang, in Honan. As the Japanese moved into his prefecture, he escaped to the mountains and made his way to "Free China." He replaced an Italian missionary who had been removed from a front-line sector. His labors on behalf of the suffering population were reported to the Generalissimo, who appointed him head of the Chinese Wartime Social Service Corps, with the rank of Major General.

This Corps is a branch of the Chinese Army and operates over the whole of North China. It has served in all the guerrilla areas of Chung Tiao, north of the Yellow River—organizing schools, medical units, and war information centers. It is composed of both religious and laymen, many of whom already have given their lives.

## ***A college girl writes***

NOT LONG AGO a Maryknoll missionary addressed the students at Marygrove College, in Detroit. He spoke on how easy it would be to win the world for Christ if we would think in terms of *all* men and take seriously Our Lord's command to preach the gospel to the whole world. The following letter is one reaction to the talk:

**T**HIS is to thank you for coming to speak to us at Marygrove College. I know I can say this in the name of all of us because I am sure that each and every girl got much out of it. I certainly did.

"You brought out of the fog in which I had placed them the countless millions in remote parts of the world. What a shock for me to hear that nearly two thirds of humanity—over a billion people—have not yet heard anything about Christ, and after two thousand years, too!

"But it's beginning to dawn on me how this happens to be. And I don't have to go beyond my own stupid self to find the reason why, either. For some reason or other, I had not thought of these peoples as fellow human beings. I simply set them aside as something that was none of my concern. But in a few minutes, you made me realize that each and every one of this vast multitude is a sacred individual, made to the image and likeness of God—that they are all my brothers and sisters—that together we have one loving Father in Heaven. Why isn't that wonderful idea pounded into us more effectively? Why isn't it being shouted from the rooftops?

### ***The power within me***

"Then you went on further. You didn't tell us how awful we were. But you let us know in such a simple way that each of us can be such a tremendous influence for good. You made me realize that I have within me a great power, the power of Christ Himself, and that these peoples are eager to know His truth and peace. You gave me a feeling of importance, with the thought that God really can use my help.

"It hurt to be told so definitely what we should do, must do, but are not doing. I used to blame the pagans for their own condition. But now I blame myself because I have been too selfish to share with them the joy of Christ that I know and have in such abundance.

"You have taught me a lesson. You can count on me to 'back' one of your brave missionaries as best I can. And I'll pray that others will follow them out over the globe. I can see what a grand old world this would be if there were about a million more like them, roaming the earth and 'singing the song of the sacredness of man.' "



## **"Monsignor Moonface"**

MARYKNOLL'S Kweilin compound (South China) was stamped by an endless stream of unfortunates. Some had been bombed out of Fukien, Kiangsi, Hunan, and Chekiang Provinces. Tens of thousands had left ruined cities with little more than the rags on their backs. Families had scattered. Food was unavailable. Thousands fell in the road. . . . By the end of 1938, Kweilin mission was handling more than 10,000 refugees each month.

The good works of "Monsignor Moonface" (Monsignor Romaniello) were legend not only in Kwangsi, but

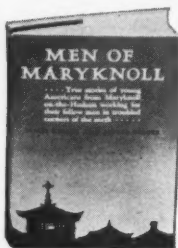
all along the refugee track. "Get to the Lord of Heaven Man," word went out. "He will feed you, and he will tend the sick."

The kindnesses at the mission had, by one of the queer twists of war, shown thousands of Chinese the path to God. Grateful men and women wanted to know more about a Faith that befriended the poor and the grief-stricken, pagan or Christian. Seated in the dark caves (used as bomb shelters), little groups learned about the Church.

—From *Men of Maryknoll*, Scribners

## Maryknoll Books

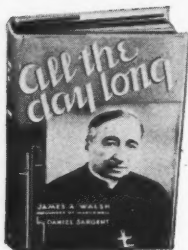
OUR BOOKSHELF LENGTHENS as the years pass, affording an increasing variety of choice for every taste. Among Maryknoll books are the following:



### ***Men of Maryknoll***

True stories of young Americans from Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson working for their fellow men in troubled corners of the earth. By James Keller and Meyer Berger. Scribners, **\$2.**

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### ***All the Day Long***

The life of Maryknoll's cofounder, Bishop James Anthony Walsh. "He taught his sons to be swift and generous athletes of Christ." By Daniel Sargent. Longmans, **\$2.50.**

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### ***Across a World***

This is the only book in English which gives a world view of Catholic missions, compiled with the author's wide travels as basis. By John J. Considine. Longmans. Cloth, **\$2.50**; paper, **\$1.50.**

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### ***Pattern for Tomorrow***

Joe Conway chooses between farming and a city job. A rural story, full of human interest and Catholic world social teaching. By Sister Juliana of Maryknoll. Bruce. **\$2.** Teacher's manual, **\$1.**

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Also recommended are The Loting Books, five delightful illustrated stories about the children of China. Bound copies, \$1 each; the five in gift box, \$4.50. Pamphlet edition, 35c each; the five, \$1.25. For a complete list of Maryknoll publications, write to: Maryknoll Bookshelf, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.





*Children of Africa respond eagerly to Archbishop Spellman's interest*

## ***Second front of prayer***

ON HIS RECENT historic journey by plane through countries of Europe, Asia; Africa, and South America, the attention of New York's Archbishop was focused in a special way on United States servicemen and on Catholic missionaries. Archbishop Spellman is Military Vicar for the Armed Forces of the United States and also Chairman of the Episcopal Committee governing Pontifical mission activity in our country.

In emphasizing the spiritual element in the lives of our soldiers, Archbishop Spellman compares them to missionaries. Our American boys are fighting this war to uphold the Christian ideals for which Catholic missionaries of all the ages have lived, labored, and laid down their lives.

One evening the Archbishop glimpsed the Mount of the Beati-

tudes, "where Christ gave the model of any charter of human rights and duties that will ever work."

Special tribute is paid by the episcopal visitor to the work of the valiant Franciscan Missionaries of Mary. He grieved over German and Italian missionaries interned in Cairo and Italian missionaries deported from Ethiopia. He saw the difficult mission fields of the Middle East, where few Moslems ever become Christians, and the overflowing churches of sections of the "Dark Continent."

Looking back over the multiple impressions of the 46,000-mile journey, Archbishop Spellman says: "The average American does not, I think, sufficiently realize the ordeals, the trials, and the heroism of missionaries in many foreign lands."

—Compiled from *Action This Day*, Scribners

## Bananas and baptisms

by THOMAS P. COLLINS

STARVATION is not a problem in the jungle. A man may be undernourished, but never underfed. Food is plentiful and the people are more than willing to share it with the Padre. If the Padre even faintly expresses the opinion that he is hungry, he can always be assured of getting enough eggs to start a store and sufficient bananas to last a month.

In the way of food, the people here munch such delicacies as charqui (a dry, salted beef that looks like cured cowhide), eggs (usually fresh), fish, rice, chicken, yucca, and the ever-present banana. They have more varieties of bananas in this region than you can shake a stick at. They have little bananas and big bananas. There are red bananas, green bananas, and yellow bananas; bananas with red-colored insides, and bananas with rainbow-spotted insides. The banana is the bread of the jungle; and just as we always have bread or rolls on our table in the States, these people always have bananas in one form or another.

For breakfast they serve you *masaco*, a mixture of bananas, yucca, and charqui. At other meals you are liable to have fried bananas, roasted bananas, boiled bananas, or stuffed bananas. Some American ought to come down here, study the banana situation, and then go home and open a banana counter. He would make a fortune. Those people who are fortunate enough to have pigs

and cows even feed bananas to these animals, just as we give them corn.

Recently I visited the little village of Mate to celebrate with the people the *fiesta* of the patroness of their chapel—Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The *fiesta* started on the night before the feast, when the people gathered in chapel to recite the Rosary. On the following morning, I celebrated Mass, and the whole village was in attendance.

### *Jungle banquet*

After Mass there was a banquet for the entire community. As Walter Scott would say, "The festive board groaned under the weight of good cheer." Along with the ever-present banana, rice, and chicken, we had the choice dish of monkey. For those of you who have never tasted monkey, I could tell you that it is a sweet and tender meat, but I imagine that it would take you a while to develop an appreciative taste for the dish. I never thought that I should see the day when I would be eating monkey, but when in Rome do as the Romans do. When the Romans—pardon, I mean the Bolivianos—eat monkey, who am I to turn up my nose? Here in Bolivia it is edible game, like rabbit or squirrel at home.

During the meal the local orchestra took a turn at serenading the Padre. The orchestra, nothing like the one in Radio City, consisted of two drums, a flute, and a battered concertina. The players knew one

tune, which they played over and over. After the banquet the dancers made their appearance. They were dressed in bright-colored costumes and had all kinds of cheap jewelry hanging about them. The dance, performed by men only, is rather complicated and full of rhythm. I was told that the Indians learned this dance from the Jesuit Fathers who labored in Bolivia many years ago, and it has been passed down from generation to generation.

### ***Working for supper***

Later I had baptisms and one marriage. The hardest job I have run across yet is baptizing a large group of children. In the first place you have to find out whether all the children have been registered civilly, because it is contrary to law to baptize a child who has not been registered with the civil authorities. Next you get all the children and godparents lined up, and then the ceremonies begin. As you make the rounds administering the different ceremonies, you invariably find that

one or two children are missing. If you look at the rear of the crowd, you will find them there. Their mothers have taken them away for a few moments to give them something to eat.

Usually when you are just finishing the ceremonies, and often when you have finished, another mother, with a basket of bananas in one arm as a peace offering, and a squawling infant in the other, will rush up asking you to baptize her *nino*. With a glance at the sinking sun by way of reprimand, you begin all over again.

When I left Mate to return to my main mission center, the people gathered around to say good-by, calling on me to depart slowly and return quickly. I was presented with a small box of food to nibble at on my journey. Then, with much waving and cries of "Go with God", on the part of the people, I turned my mule towards the jungle and began the lonely trek home. Later, as the beast and I jogged along the jungle trail, I opened the box to take my first nibble. What do you think I found—bananas? No, sir! Brazil nuts.

*The banana is the bread of the jungle people*





## ***The Missing Wing***

**T**HIS is the drawing architects prepared twenty-five years ago for the Seminary to be erected at the Home Knoll on the Hudson. Since these plans were made, it has been possible with the help of good friends over the country, to finish almost the entire project—"almost," because there still remains the most important part—the chapel. It is the missing wing.

Why have we waited? Since the chapel is the heart of any seminary, the greatest source of inspiration to every student for the priesthood, it should have the most thought before being put into final form. Another five or ten years may skip by before we can invite you to the dedication of our Seminary Chapel, a memorial to our two cofounders, Bishop James Anthony Walsh and Father Price.

Meanwhile, we plan no campaign for the chapel, yet welcome gifts toward it. A friend said recently that many people would like to subscribe to our Chapel Fund; that there must be five hundred friends over the country who would give \$500 each for the chapel, in memory of a loved one, in thanksgiving, or for the intention of one in the armed forces. . . . Feel free to write to the Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York, for further particulars.

*The fascinating incidentals of this portrait are fruits of Bishop Walsh's two missionary decades in South China.*

## **Description of a missionary**

by BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH

**I**T IS BETTER to be a saint than a good missionary—but is it harder? This is a scandalizing question, but it has an edifying answer that magnifies the missionary without belittling the saint.

A saint is a man of logic—or, in other words, one who lives what he believes. The good missionary, in his role of being all things to all men, would qualify rather as a man of psychology.

The saint luxuriates in the strong beauty of a divinely exigent religion to the extent of converting himself. The good missionary, while he does not necessarily go to such a length, at least approximates it in a measure by trying to mirror that same divine appeal in all manner of multifold ways, in order to convert others. To accomplish this, he need not be a saint, but he must come close to passing for one.

Is it easier to imitate a saint, or to be one? The good missionary has this much of a choice.

Merely to be an average missionary is, of course, a superlatively easy thing. All that is required is to cross the ocean on a ship, buy a dictionary, and get to work (not necessarily too hard). At any rate, it is with some such simple preliminaries as this that a missionary qualifies for his role; and thereupon he can proceed to be as average as he pleases, while remaining a missionary—that is to say, of a kind.

He may fail to master the language of his people; he may see nothing good in his adopted land; he may lose patience fifty times a day with the strange customs and mentalities that assail him. All this he can do, and more. In fact, all this and more is very hard not to do; for not to do this is one way of being a good, instead of an average, missionary.

The missionary and the good missionary are as far apart as two men in the same profession can well be. The difference is that between Socrates and Squeers.

### **A perpetual gymnast**

The task of a missionary is to go to a place where he is not wanted, to sell a pearl whose value is not recognized, to people who are determined not to accept it. To do this, he must so conform to the place as to make himself first tolerated, then respected, finally esteemed; and yet his conformity must not be total. He must become one with the people while remaining himself, thus conforming and resisting at the same time.

The missionary must doff all sorts of habits and prepossessions, and must don many others, so that he finds himself obliged to maintain through life a flexibility of both mind and body that makes of him a perpetual gymnast.

There is no gentle settling into the pleasant groove of old age for

him, for his surroundings fail to recognize and allow for that natural process. Nobody knows that he must have his morning coffee before being corralled by importunate visitors, and nobody cares. Nobody is aware that his afternoon siesta is supposed to partake of the nature of a religious rite, as he is made to realize when he opens his eyes in the middle of it to find genial faces peering at him through the mosquito net. In a thousand and one ways, he is denied the privilege of growing old. He is condemned to eternal youth, for the Orient will forever demand of him the resiliency of a rubber ball, and only when he is finally punctured will he cease to bounce. Ponce de Leon should have sailed eastward.

For an American, possibly the hardest somersault is to reassess the value of time. The Chinese face the dawn with little on their minds save a mild curiosity as to what the day will bring forth. The idea of a gift of twenty-four hours in which to accomplish some or many things seldom rises to plague them. Here is one secret of Oriental patience. Once eliminate time, and patience comes closer.

Accessibility is a *sine qua non* to the missionary. Why it should be so hard is a mystery when it is recalled that the Holy Father himself, surely the busiest man in the world, spends much of his precious time in this very way, through his multiplied audiences. With that example to inspire him, it ought to be easy for the missionary, whose time is not valuable, to be patient with his callers. Yet his callers are unique, and he is human, so it remains a problem. He who solves it has made one big step

toward success in his mission vocation.

One great complication is the Chinese habit of delaying to come to the point. They do not consider it good manners to mention straightway the real object of the call. Nor are visitors the only time-wasters. Travel is possibly an even greater strain on patience. Boats and trains are seldom on time; often they have no set time to be on. If he also serves who only stands and waits, the missionary is not altogether an unprofitable servant.

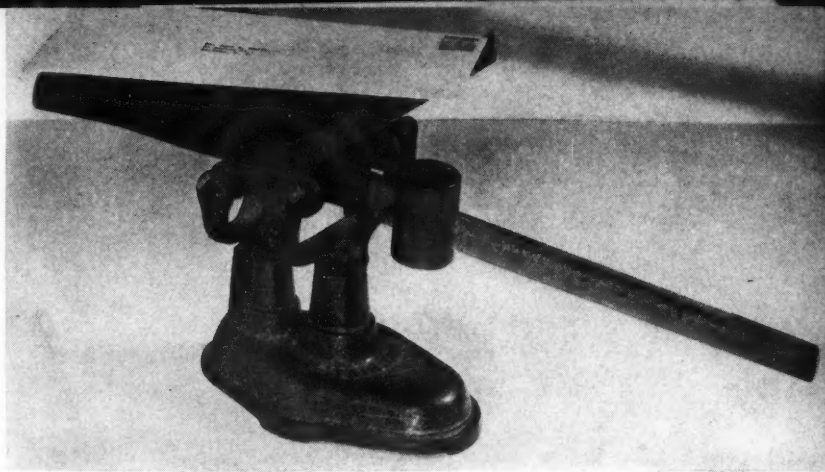
### ***The language dilemma***

Meanwhile the missionary's work itself has its angularities. The language alone is enough to try the stoutest soul and the glibest tongue. It is hard to learn; and it is hard to use, once learned.

If, for example, a sermon is to be anything more than the simplest instruction, it will contain various ideas difficult to express in Chinese. Why not save trouble by checking up with the catechist? This involves two provisos. The catechist must be a man—rare in any country—who can translate with a measure of accuracy; and he must be at the missionary's elbow every time a sermon is to be written. Rare is the fulfillment of even one of these conditions, let alone both.

The everyday use of the language is scarcely less difficult. The dialect varies from village to village. The Chinese themselves are not sure of being understood outside of their own local district; and there is, of course, much less chance for a foreigner.

*(To be continued)*



## ***The letter that weighed six tons . . .***

**I**T WAS just an ordinary-looking letter that would arouse no mailman's curiosity. The three-cent stamp at the corner proclaimed no special news. If it had not been that somewhere in its travels a drop of water falling on the address had caused the ink to run, it would never have had Father's immediate attention.

When the stack of letters was placed on his desk, Father's mind was busily occupied with many problems. Money was needed for the leper colony; bombs had blown off the roof of one of the missions and the rainy season was coming on; another mission dispensary had wired that all its supplies were running low; and finally, there was an urgent request for funds to buy rice for refugees who were pouring into a mission from a famine-ridden section of South China. As Father picked up the envelope he was wondering where he was going to get the

funds, since most of the money coming in to Maryknoll had been designated for special purposes.

Distractedly he slit the envelope, and something green fluttered to the floor. He swooped it up. It was a check and attached was a note which simply said: "Use this any way you desire." Father grinned broadly. Here was a solution to one of his problems. He ran down the list and picked the most urgent case. Soon a radiogram was burning up the wires with an order for enough money to buy six tons of rice. The roof might remain roofless; the dispensary could stretch its supplies; but the refugees would not starve.

And so, Kind Hearts and Gentle People, when you dispatch a money order to Maryknoll, make your gift stringless, so we can use it immediately where it will do the most good, and Father's grin will always be from ear to ear.



## MARYKNOLL WANT ADS.

**At Tungan**, in Kweilin Province, we have a lot and the materials to build a badly needed rectory. All we lack is wages for workmen to put the building together. The one who gives \$1,000 for this use may establish the fund as a memorial to the person of his choice, and the rectory will bear a plaque stating that it commemorates this person.

**Whoa! Giddap!** Maryknollers in nine mission fields, in six different countries of Central and South America, need saddle horses to cross the mountains and penetrate the jungles to get to their scattered Indians. "We'll ride anything, with or without a saddle," they write, "because our job is to minister to our people." Horses cost \$100. Saddles cost \$45.

**Illustrations** in your Maryknoll magazine are usually taken from photographs made by missionaries themselves. Photographic equipment is required, if we are to show, as well as tell, what is going on in certain territories. \$45 will buy it. For a better magazine, more and finer pictures—who will contribute?

**At Cachuela, Bolivia**, two boats are required: an incense boat, costing \$5, and a motor boat, costing \$500. Which do you wish to give?

**Icy winds** whistle down upon Bolivia, Chile, and Peru from the eternal snowfields of the great mountains. Maryknoll missionaries shiver and wish for warm blankets—which, alas, cost \$20 a pair in that part of the world. Will someone help?

**The gas range** at the Maryknoll home Seminary recently required repairs costing \$40. We used money intended for other purposes, because we had to—the damage could not wait. We hope some friend will replace it for us. We shall be most grateful.

**Father McCabe's church** in Bolivia needs glass in its windows, to keep out the wild creatures. Each window's glazing will cost \$12—and there are ten windows. Who can spare \$12?

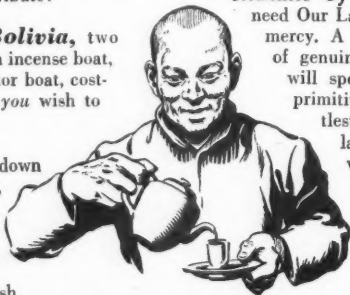
**The bond you buy** today may pay for the shot that ends World War II. If you give it to Maryknoll for China relief, it may keep alive the war orphan who will grow up to be China's president in 1984—and prevent World War III. Who knows what may come of a charitable deed? Buy *Bond Series F or G* and use our corporate title: *Maryknoll Fathers' Mission Society, Inc.*

**Quinine** sells now in South China for \$1 a pill. From all our missions in the Orient, we hear the call constantly: "Send money for medicines! The people are dying!" A dollar—five—ten—fifty—whatever you can spare—will literally make the difference between life and death to one or more human beings in that stricken area!

**Indians of Central America** need Our Lady's love and gracious mercy. A statue—a carved face of genuine grace and beauty—will speak alike to the most primitive mind and to the subtlest; it will tell in every language the story we want our people to understand. Such a statue, costing \$100, would be a magnificent gift.

**Vegetable gardens** which they till help Maryknoll missionaries to live on \$1 a day in China and South America. \$10 worth of seed will grow into food which would cost \$150 or more in the market. How else can you give so great a gift at so small a cost to yourself?

**Help the blind**—Their lot is hard in war-torn China. You can support one blind person each month. Cost \$5.





## ITEMIZED NEEDS

### CHINA

- Kaying: Rice for refugees.....\$5  
(one month)
- Kongmoon: Native-priest support  
(one month) \$15
- Kweilin: Medicine for refugees  
(one year) \$15
- Wuchow: Mass candles.....\$300  
(one year)

### SOUTH AMERICA

#### BOLIVIA

- Cochabamba: Organ.....\$500
- La Paz: Church repairs.....\$200
- Riberalta: Rectory.....\$500

#### CHILE

- Chillan: Two saddle horses.....\$100  
(each)

- Talca: Painting of church.....\$200
- Church repairs.....\$150
- Temuco: Rectory.....\$2,500

#### ECUADOR

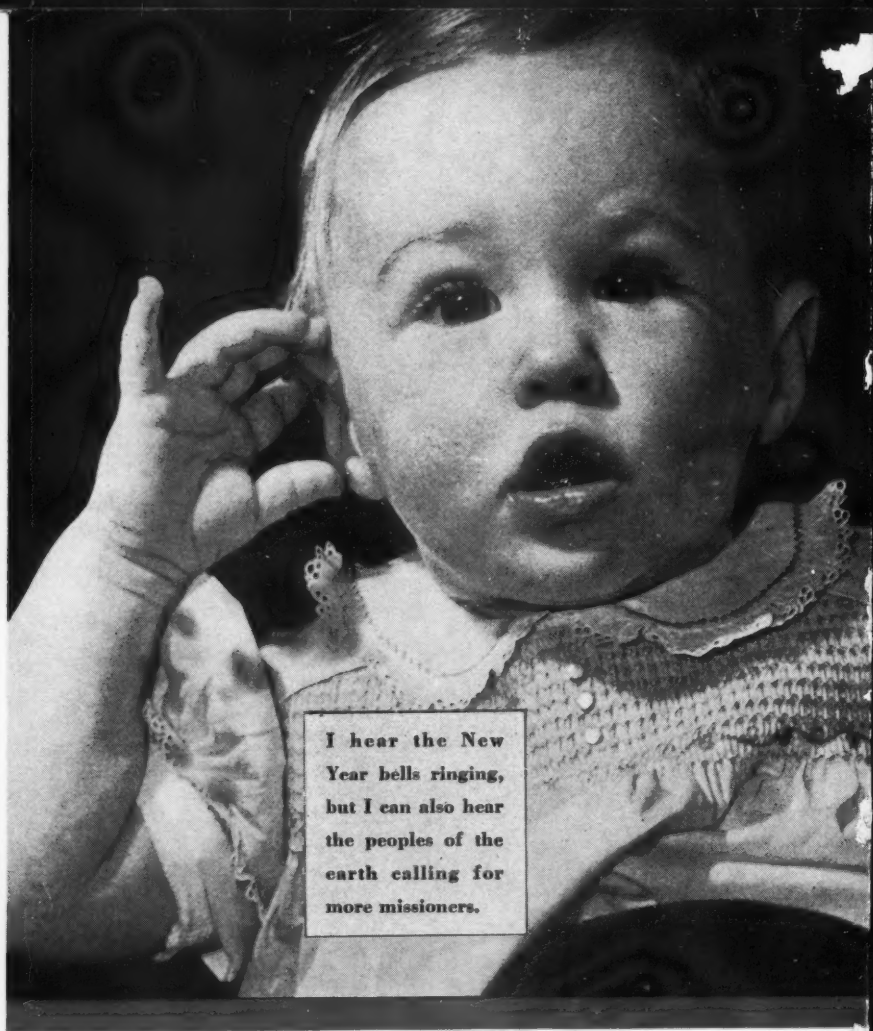
- Guayaquil: Mass wine and hosts  
(one year) \$30

#### PERU

- Puno: Rectory.....\$500
- Three saddle horses.....\$100  
(each)

### CENTRAL AMERICA

- Mission No. 1: Chapel.....\$500
- Mission No. 2: Horse.....\$100
- Saddle.....\$45
- Mission No. 3: Church repairs  
\$300



I hear the New  
Year bells ringing,  
but I can also hear  
the peoples of the  
earth calling for  
more missionaries.

